

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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### Address to the Public.

IF custom had not rendered it almost imperative, that, at the commencement of every new volume, the Editor should say something of himself and of his work, our delicacy would have induced us to have omitted it. To the readers of the LITERARY CHRONICLE, it cannot now be necessary to state the circumstances under which it was commenced; its objects, or how far these objects have been accomplished; but, in a time of unparalleled competition in periodical literature, when every species of empiricism is resorted to, and when works which, from the time they have been in existence, might be supposed to be established,—when such impose their youth on the public and are announced as new literary journals, then it becomes necessary that we should re-state the grounds on which we found our claims to public patronage and support.

The professed object of the LITERARY CHRONICLE was to give a review and analysis of every new work of value or importance as soon as published, and to form a faithful register of every novelty in Literature, Philosophy, the Fine and Useful Arts, Biography, the Drama, &c. and to insert Original Communications on all subjects that might be conducive to the happiness or the improvement of its readers.

How far this promise has been kept, we might proudly appeal to the Index of the last volume, and then leave our readers to determine. The Review department contains nearly two hundred new works, including every expensive and valuable production of the year, and with which our readers were immediately made acquainted. We have more than once stated that the 'LITERARY CHRONICLE' is a Review of Books, but not a Bookseller's Review. The distinction is of much more importance than it may at first seem, for the one is free and unfettered, while the other must sacrifice its independence for proof sheets and 'anticipatory in-

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spectations.' It is, however, a matter of proud satisfaction to us, that the character and the circulation which the LITERARY CHRONICLE continues to maintain, have been earned by means the most legitimate, and that its bold independence has been abundantly compensated in the extent of the public patronage.

In the outset of our labours, we pledged ourselves that the LITERARY CHRONICLE should never be raised in price, nor diminished in its contents; that promise we have not only kept, but, notwithstanding that it is the cheapest periodical work published, yet such has been our support, that we are enabled to extend our liberality. We commence the present volume on a much finer paper; and, in deference to the suggestions of many of our readers, we have adopted the plan of printing it in three columns. Our stamped edition, entitled THE COUNTRY LITERARY CHRONICLE, will share the same improvements, and continue to be published at the price of Tenpence. Gratitude for past favours and the hopes of increased patronage urge us to new exertions in every department, and we trust that the LITERARY CHRONICLE will go on improving in its contents, and in diffusing itself still more extensively every succeeding year. The LITERARY CHRONICLE, like all other works, must depend on time and exertion for its improvement, and though we will not, like a monthly contemporary, tell our readers, by anticipation, the very titles of the articles for the next twelve months, we can assure them that we have made new arrangements of considerable importance.

To those friends whose communications form a valuable part of our work, we return our most sincere and grateful thanks, as well as to the Public generally. With the commencement of a new Volume, we hope materially to increase our subscribers; since the LITERARY CHRONICLE presents one advantage over every other journal, viz. that each Volume is in itself complete.

### Review of New Books.

WINE, BEER, AND BREAD.

1. *A Treatise on the Art of making Wine from Native Fruits; exhibiting the Chemical Principles upon which the Art of Wine Making depends; the Fruits best adapted for Home-made Wines, and the Method of preparing them.* By Fredrick Accum, Operative Chemist, &c. 12mo. pp. 92. London, 1820.
2. *A Treatise on the Art of Brewing; exhibiting the London Practice of brewing Porter, Brown Stout, Ale, Table Beer, and various other kinds of Malt Liquors. With Copper-plates.* By the same. 12mo. pp. 268. London, 1820.
3. *A Treatise on the Art of making Good and Wholesome Bread, of Wheat, Oats, Rye, Barley, and other Farinaceous Seeds. Exhibiting the Chemical Constitution and Alimentary Properties of different kinds of Bread Corn, and other Substances employed in different Parts of the World, instead of Bread.* By the same. 12mo. pp. 160. London, 1821.

It will be in the recollection of all our readers, that, about twelve months ago, Mr. Accum, who has the reputation of a skilful analyser, published a work which, if it did not, as Dr. Prolix says, 'occasion a great laugh at the time,' certainly excited considerable interest. This was a 'Treatise on Adulterations of Food and Culinary Poisons,' in which he, to the great terror of all epicures and hypochondriacs, declared that almost every article that we eat or drink is poisonous. In vain did we quit our wine or our brandy, and take to 'entire butt beer,' for we were instantly told that it was 'a very heterogeneous mixture, composed of all the waste and spoiled beer of the publicans,—the bottoms of the butts,—the leavings of the pots,—the drippings of the machines for drawing the beer,—the remnants of the beer that lay in the

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lead pipes of the brewery,' &c. To fly to tea was useless, for he assured us that he had examined 27 samples of imitation leaves. In coffee, we were no better, for it was only pigeon's beans and peas. At last, we determined to drink nothing but water; but here the persecuting spirit followed us, and we were forbidden to touch this simple beverage until we had ascertained that it contained the due proportions of common air and carbonic acid gas. Soda-water, cream, custards, confectionery, pickles, and sauces, bread and cheese, *cum multis aliis*, filled up the sordid catalogue of the miseries to which eating and drinking subjected us. It was in vain to protest that we had dieted on them for many years, and enjoyed good health, for, like Partridge, the Almanack Maker, who contradicted Swift's assertion, that he was dead, we were not believed. Our only remedy now appeared to be in calling in the assistance of the physician, with an antidote to the thousand poisons we had swallowed; but Mr. Accum would not even leave us this consolation, for he declared that 'nine-tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy, are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers who would be the last to be suspected.' Nothing, we found, would now save us, but to muster up courage and make an exertion of common sense; to burn Mr. Accum's book, and to drink our wine, sip our brandy, and trifle over our custards and confectionery as usual. This saved us.

Mr. Accum, after sounding the tocsin of alarm, and suffering it to operate for nearly 12 months, now comes forward to remove it, so far as relates to three important articles, of the poison and adulterations of which he had dwelt largely, — wine, bread, and beer. Should these books be successful, we doubt not but that, in the course of ten or a dozen years, he will gradually remove all the terrors of his first publication, and teach us how to make our pickles, sauces, and confectionery in the most wholesome and most economical manner.

In the *Treatise on Wines*, Mr. A. gives a concise description of the art of preparing the several varieties, from the fruits of domestic growth. He also states the destructive characters of British fruit wines, and their chemical difference from the wine of the grape. The 'historical sketch of the art of making wine,' with which the work commences, is very imperfect, particu-

larly so far as relates to Britain. We are barely told that the vine was introduced here by the Romans, and appears to have very soon become common; that 'few ancient monasteries did not manufacture wine. In an early period of the history of Britain, the Isle of Ely was expressly denominated the Isle of Vine, by the Normans. The Bishop of Ely, shortly after the conquest, received at least three or four tons of wine, annually, as tithes from the vines in his dioceses, and in his leases he made frequent reservations of a certain quantity of wine, by way of rent.' We now pass on to the most important part of the subject, — the art of making wines. Home made wines differ chiefly from foreign or grape wines, 'in containing a much greater quantity of malic acid, whilst the wine of the grape contains chiefly tartareous acid.' The British fruits most capable of being converted into wine, besides grapes, are the gooseberry, elderberry, mulberry, raspberry, blackberry, strawberry, red currant, black currant, white currant, and cranberry. These ferment well and afford good and wholesome wines. Without carrying our readers through the processes of fermentation, racking and sulphuring, barrelling and clarifying of wine, we shall extract a few of Mr. Accum's recipes for making such wines as are most common; and first, of—

*Gooseberry Wine.*—'Take 50lbs. of immature gooseberries, freed from the remains of the blossoms and fruit stalks, bruise them in successive portions, in a wooden tub, without much compressing the husk, or bruising the seeds; dilute the mass with four gallons of water, and after having suffered it to stand for ten or twelve hours, put it into a coarse canvas bag, and squeeze out the liquor.

'Pour upon the residue one gallon of water, suffer it to macerate for twelve hours, and then press it out, and add the produce to the before-obtained juice. Put the whole of the liquor into a tub, and add to it from 30 to 40lbs. of white loaf sugar, according to the desired strength and sweetness of the wine, and 1lb. of finely pulverized crude supertartrate of potash.

'Stir this mixture, and make up the total bulk of the fluid with water, to the amount of 10½ gallons; cover it with a blanket or sacking, and let it stand in a moderately warm place.

'In a day or two, the fluid will begin to ferment, and when the yeast froth, which appears on the surface, has assumed an uniform texture, skim it off, and repeat the skimming from time to time, till no more yeast becomes separated. When the fermentation has so far been com-

pleted, draw off the liquor from the dregs, or lees, into a cask, which must be completely filled with the wine.

'A small quantity of yeast will continue to become separated, and overflow the bung-hole, in consequence of the slow fermentation in the cask, and hence the quantity of liquor diminishes; the loss thus sustained, must be made up by adding, from time to time, a portion of the liquor which was made for that purpose, so as to keep the cask always filled up to the bung-hole.

'When the fermentation has nearly ceased, the bung may be put loosely into its place; but a small hole must be bored by the side of the bung-hole, and loosely fitted with a peg, to give vent for the extrication of the carbonic acid that may become developed. When no farther froth appears, the vent-peg must be withdrawn, the spile may then be tightened, and the cask left undisturbed for five or six months; after which time, the wine should be drawn off from its lees into another cask; and if it is not fine, it may be rendered so by the addition of a small quantity of isinglass dissolved in water, which will render it clear in a few days, after which it may be bottled and stored in a cool cellar.

'Should the wine be too sweet, the fermentation, (before it is drawn off from its lees,) may be re-excited by stirring up the contents of the cask, and suffering it to repose in a warm place. By this means an additional portion of the undecomposed sugar which it contains will disappear. The wine may then be decanted. Sometimes it is necessary to decant it a second time, into a clean cask, after it has been suffered to stand two months. In any case it must be bottled during the month of March, provided that the wine is become perfectly clear; if not, some mistake has been committed in the manufacture of it.'

Wine from ripe gooseberries may be made in a similar manner to what has been just stated, a more careful exclusion of the husks and seeds being necessary. For,—

*Brisk Gooseberry Wine.*—'Let 40lbs. of unripe gooseberries be mashed, and having poured upon the mass one gallon of water, squeeze out the juice, add to it 12lbs. of lump sugar, and six ounces of super-tartrate of potash, previously reduced to a fine powder; suffer the liquor to ferment in a tub for about two days only, and then transfer it into a cask, and attend to the process of replenishing the waste liquor by filling up the cask from time to time, till the fermentation has so far subsided, that the hissing noise which is heard at the bung-hole is but slightly perceptible. The bung of the cask may then be fastened down, and also the spile, and the cask left undisturbed, in a cool cellar, till the month of November, at which time the clear liquor



should be racked off into a cask, and bottled.

**Brisk Currant Wine.**—‘Let the currants be gathered when they have nearly attained their full growth, but before they have shewn much tendency to ripen; separate the berries from the stalks, mash the fruit, and let all the preliminary process for obtaining the juice, be conducted precisely in the same manner as described in the method for making brisk gooseberry wine; add the same proportion of sugar and super-tartrate of potash.’

The fermentation and further treatment of the wine should also be similar to that of brisk gooseberry wine. We now pass on to—

**Elder Wine.**—‘This fruit is excellently calculated for the production of wine. Its juice contains a considerable portion of the fermentative matter which is so essential for the production of a vigorous fermentation, and its beautiful colour communicates to the wine a rich tint; but, as the fruit is deficient in saccharine matter, this substance must be liberally supplied. This wine is much ameliorated by adding to the elderberry juice a small portion of super-tartrate of potash. Dr. Macculloch observes, “that the proportion of this salt may vary from one to four, and even six per cent. The cause of this admissible laxity will appear, when it is considered that the greater part of the super-tartrate of potash is again deposited in the lees. I may also remark, that from two to four per cent. will be found a sufficient dose, in proportion to the greater or less sweetness of the fruit, the sweetest requiring the largest quantity of this salt, and *vice versa*. The dose of it ought also to vary in proportion to the added sugar, increasing as it increases.’

‘To every two quarts of bruised berries, put one quart of water; strain the juice through a hair sieve, and add to every quart of the diluted juice one pound of lump sugar. Boil the mixture for about one quarter of an hour, and suffer it to ferment in the manner before stated.—See *Gooseberry Wine*.

‘Or, bruise a bushel of picked elderberries; dilute the mass with ten gallons of water, and having boiled it for a few minutes, strain off the juice, and squeeze out the husks. Measure the whole quantity of the juice, and to every quart put three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar; and, whilst still warm, add to it half a pint of yeast, and fill up the cask with some of the reserved liquor.

‘When the wine is clear, it may be drawn off from the lees, (which will be in about three months,) and bottled for use.

‘For flavouring the wine, ginger, allspice, or any other aromatic substance, may be used; the flavouring materials may be enclosed in a bag, and suspended in the cask, and removed when the desired flavour is produced.’

**Ginger Wine.**—‘Dissolve 18 or 20 pounds of sugar, in nine and a-half gallons of boiling water, and add to it 10 or 12 ounces of bruised ginger-root. Boil the mixture for about a quarter of an hour, and when nearly cold, add to it half a pint of yeast, and pour it into a cask to ferment, taking care to fill up the cask from time to time with the surplus of the liquor made for that purpose. When the fermentation ceases, take off the wine, and bottle it when transparent.

‘It is a common practice to boil the outer rind of a few lemons, together with the ginger destined for the wine, to impart to the wine the flavour of lemon-peel.’

**Orange Wine.**—‘Take the outer rind of 100 Seville oranges, so thinly pared that no white appears in it; pour upon it 10½ gallons of boiling water; suffer it to stand for eight or ten hours, and having strained off the liquor, whilst slightly warm, add to it the juice of the pulp, and from 26 to 30 pounds of lump sugar, and a few table-spoonfuls of yeast; suffer it to ferment in the cask for about five days, or till the fermentation has apparently ceased; and when the wine is perfectly transparent, draw it off from the lees, and bottle it.’

A raisin wine, possessing the flavour of Frontignac, we are told, may be made in the following manner:—

‘Take six pounds of raisins, boil them in six gallons of water, and, when perfectly soft, rub them through a cullender, to separate the stones. Add the pulp to the water in which the raisins have been boiled; pour the mixture upon 12lbs. of white sugar, and suffer it to ferment with the addition of half a pound of yeast. When the fermentation has nearly ceased, add a quarter of a peck of elder flowers, contained in a bag, which should be suspended in the cask, and removed when the wine has acquired the desired flavour. When the wine has become clear, draw it off into bottles.’

With this extract we close the *Treatise on Wines*; we do not pledge ourselves that Mr. Accum’s recipes are unknown to many of our fair readers; but even they will, we doubt not, be pleased at having the opinion of a scientific writer on the subject, who will, no doubt, take care that in all the preparations he recommends, there shall not be ‘death in the pot.’ The addition of spirit, so often recommended in the recipes for making wine, so far from checking the wine from becoming sour, increases the tendency; and, therefore, the use of brandy as a preservative to wine is founded in error. The effect, on the contrary, is to destroy the briskness of the wines, while it increases their expense and diminishes their salubrity.

The ‘*Treatise on Brewing*’ is of a less popular character than that on the making of wine; the first 100 pages being chiefly applicable to brewing on a large scale, as practised in the London breweries. Then comes a chapter on ‘brewing in the small way;’ but before we touch on this part of the subject, we shall notice some of the ingredients which ought to be used in all breweries, both in a large and small way; such as malt and hops. And first, of malt:—

‘The best malt is of a round full body; the grains, when broken, present a soft flour, enveloped in a thin skin; it breaks easy between the teeth, and has a sweet mellow taste. Such malt as is devoid of a saccharine and mealy taste, and agreeable odour, and which breaks hard and flinty, ought to be rejected.

‘Another method employed by brewers to ascertain the goodness of malt, is to put a quantity in a glass of water; when that part of it which has been thoroughly malted will swim upon its surface, and such grains as are unmalted, sink to the bottom.

‘The most rational method of ascertaining the relative value of different samples of malt, is to determine the quantity of fermentable matter obtainable from a given quantity; for no substance of commerce varies more in quality than malt. And this may easily be accomplished, by extracting in the small way, by means of water heated to the temperature employed in the brewing process, all the fermentable matter from a given sample of malt.’

Mr. Accum says, hops were first brought into England from the Netherlands, in the year 1524; and that they are first mentioned in the English statute book in the year 1552. Now, although we have not the statute-book to refer to at the present moment, and do not profess to be fully acquainted with the history of hops, yet we suspect that Mr. Accum is quite erroneous in his statement, and that they were known in England at least a century before the date he assigns. In the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, vol. 980, we find the following mention of the prohibition of hops, so early as the year 1428: ‘There was an information, about the 4th of Hen. VI. against a person, for that he put a kind of unwholesome weed into his brewing, called an hop.’ Whether hops had been the subject of legislative enactments before this time or not, we will not pretend to determine, but the passage we have quoted proves that they were known and used in England early in the fifteenth century. On the ‘cha-



acters of the goodness of hops,' with which we doubt not Mr. A. is better acquainted than with their history; he says,—

'The goodness of hops depends upon several different circumstances, but principally on the clammy or resinous feel of the yellow farinacious powdery matter which is sprinkled over them, their colour, and aromatic odour. And a sample is considered the more or less valuable, the more or less clammy the flower-buds feel; while it is of the greatest consequence, in relation to the colour, that it should be preserved as bright as possible; yet it does not always follow that the best coloured samples possess the strongest aromatic flavour.

'Rub a few of the hop-pods strongly in the palm of the hand, and if they are good, an oily, rich, or resinous substance will be perceptible, accompanied by a most fragrant smell. The friction should produce a quantity of fine yellow dust, called by the trade, *condition*, in which the richness of the hop in part consists, as does their strength in the oily or resinous substance. On opening a sample of good hops, a considerable quantity of seeds are found; and if they have been properly dried, they possess a fine olive-green colour. Attention should be paid to the bags, or pockets, to see that they have been properly strained or tightened.

Having treated on *hops*, we shall now make a *skip*, and then *jump* at once, not into the mash-tub, but into Mr. Accum's Treatise on Domestic Brewing. It would far exceed our limits to give the whole process of brewing even in 'a small way;' nor could we condense it sufficiently to render our readers masters of the subject; we shall, therefore, only quote an extract on the quantity of ale or table beer to be brewed from a given quantity of malt and hops:—

'In domestic brewing, and if the beer be not intended for keeping, one bushel of malt, and ten ounces of hops, will produce 12 gallons of *common*, or table ale; and ale brewers allow one measure of such ale to be equal to two of table beer. From one bushel of malt, therefore, may be brewed 24 gallons of table beer, without any table ale, or nine gallons of ale, and six of table beer; or six of ale and 12 of table beer, or any other proportions of ale and table beer, bearing in mind the proportions that *common* ale and table beer are here considered as two of table beer being equivalent to one of ale. This is the smallest quantity of malt that should be employed for brewing 12 gallons of good table or common ale. It is likewise understood that the malt be measured before it is ground, because a bushel of malt, by measure, produces, when coarsely ground, one and a quarter of grist; and, when finely ground, the increase of bulk

is still more considerable; hence, if the malt be purchased in a ground state, this allowance must be made accordingly.

'If the ale is intended for keeping, it is advisable to allow from five and three-quarters to six bushels of pale malt to a hogshead, (54 gallons,) of good ale. The quantity of hops must be suited to the taste of the drinker, and the time the liquor is intended to be kept. For strong ale, intended to be kept about 12 months, three-quarters of a pound of hops should be used, (if the hop be new or of the best kind,) to every bushel of malt. If the beer is to be preserved 16 or 18 months, one pound of hops to a bushel of malt will be a good proportion.'

'Pale malt is preferable to amber-coloured malt, for brewing in the small way, and should always be used, and the best malt produces the best flavoured beer. If the beer be intended to have a brown colour, the addition of a small portion of burnt sugar answers that purpose very well.'

The private brewer may employ molasses, sugar, or any other substance in his brewing, which the public brewer is not allowed to do:—

'When economy is an object, a quantity of molasses or muscovado sugar may be substituted for a portion of the malt. From experiments in which we [Mr. Accum] have been professionally engaged, on a large scale, we are authorized to state that 12lbs. of molasses, or 10lbs. of muscovado sugar, are equivalent, or yield as much fermentable matter, as is produced from one bushel of malt of the usual quality, that is, such as is capable of yielding 65lbs. of solid fermentable matter per quarter of malt.'

We will conclude the brewing treatise with Mr. Accum's recipe for making spruce beer, which is prepared in the following manner.—

'Add to 18 gallons of boiling water, from 12 to 14lbs of molasses, and from 14 to 16 ounces of extract of spruce. Suffer the mixture to cool, and when lukewarm, add to it one pint of yeast, and suffer the mixture to ferment.

'Whilst the fermentation is going on, remove the yeast by skimming, and when the fermentative process begins to become languid, which usually happens in two days, let the beer be bottled. It will be fit for use in three or four days. Sugar is preferable to molasses, and if malt-wort, of an ordinary strength, (15 or 18 gallons drawn from a bushel of pale malt,) be substituted for the water, a spruce beer of a much superior flavour is obtained.

'White spruce beer is made in a similar manner, by substituting for molasses, common sugar.'

We now come to Mr. Accum's treatise on making bread. An egotistical preface commences the work, in which an 'I have' begins almost every

sentence. He then gives some preliminary observations on the chemical constitution and nutritive quality of vegetable food. This is followed by an historical sketch of the art of making bread,—an account of the various substitutes for bread,—an analysis of bread flour,—the methods of making various sorts of unleavened and leavened bread,—bread made with yeast, &c. Among the substitutes for bread, used in different countries, are the bread fruit, sago, casava, tapioca, the plantain, banana,—bread made of dried fish, of moss, and of earth. The Icelanders collect the *Lichen Rangiferinus*, or rein-deer moss, in summer, and, when dry, grind it into powder and make it into bread. But the strangest substitute for bread that has ever been employed, is a sort of white earth:—

'The poor, in the lordship of Moscoa, in Upper Lusania, have been frequently compelled to make use of this earth as a substitute for bread.

'The earth is dug out of a pit where saltpetre had formerly been worked: when exposed to the rays of the sun, it splits and cracks, and small globules issue from it like meal, which ferments when mixed with flour. On this earth, baked into bread, many persons have subsisted a considerable time.'

We doubt not but that every good house-wife will think herself as well qualified to make bread as Mr. Accum, although she may not be able to explain the chemical changes that it undergoes in the process; we shall, however, quote his recipe for home-made wheaten bread:—

'Take a bushel of wheaten flour, and put two third parts of it in one heap into a trough or tub; then dilute two pints of yeast with three or four pints of warm water, and add to this mixture from eight to ten ounces of salt. Make a hole in the middle of the heap of flour, pour the mixture of yeast, salt, and water into it, and knead the whole into an uniform stiff dough, with such an additional quantity of water as is requisite for that purpose, and suffer the dough to rise in a warm place.

'When the dough has risen, and just begins again to subside, add to it gradually the remaining one-third part of the flour; knead it again thoroughly, taking care to add gradually so much warm water as is sufficient to form the whole into a stiff tenacious dough, and continue the kneading. At first the mass is very adhesive, and clings to the fingers, but it becomes less so the longer the kneading is continued; and when the fist, on being withdrawn, leaves its perfect impression in the dough, none of it adhering to the fingers, the kneading may be discontinued. The dough may be then divided into



loaf pieces, (of about 5lb. in weight.) Knead each piece once more separately, and having made it up in the proper form, put it in a warm place, cover it with a blanket, to promote the last rising: and when this has taken place, put it into the oven. When the loaves are withdrawn, they should be covered up with a blanket, to cool as slowly as possible.'

As a matter of curiosity rather than of actual utility to our readers, we quote the account of manufacturing sea-biscuits:—

'The process of biscuit-baking for the British navy is as follows, and it is equally simple and ingenious. The meal, and every other article, being supplied with much certainty and simplicity, large lumps of dough, consisting merely of flour and water, are mixed up together; and as the quantity is so immense as to preclude, by any common process, a possibility of kneading it, a man manages, or, as it is termed, rides a machine, which is called a horse. This machine is a long roller, apparently about four or five inches in diameter, and about seven or eight feet in length. It has a play to a certain extension, by means of a staple in the wall, to which is inserted a kind of eye, making its action like the machine by which they cut chaff for horses. The lump of dough being placed exactly in the centre of a raised platform, the man sits upon the end of the machine, and literally rides up and down throughout its whole circular direction, till the dough is equally indented; and this is repeated till it is sufficiently kneaded; at which times, by the different positions of the lines, large or small circles are described, according as they are near to or distant from the wall.

'The dough, in this state, is handed over to a second workman, who slices it with a prodigious knife; and it is then in a proper state for the use of those bakers who attend the oven. These are five in number; and their different departments are as well calculated for expedition and correctness, as the making of pins, or other mechanical employments. On each side of a large table, where the dough is laid, stands a workman; at a small table near the oven stands another; a fourth stands by the side of the oven, to receive the bread; and a fifth to supply the peel. By this arrangement the oven is as regularly filled, and the whole exercise performed in as exact time, as a military evolution. The man on the further side of the large table, moulds the dough, having previously formed it into small pieces, till it has the appearance of muffins, although rather thinner, and which he does two together, with each hand; and, as fast as he accomplishes this task, he delivers his work over to the man on the other side of the table, who stamps them with a docker on both sides with a mark. As he rids himself of this work, he throws the biscuits on the smaller table next the oven, where stands the third workman,

whose business is merely to separate the different pieces into two, and place them immediately under the hand of him who supplies the oven, whose work of throwing, or rather chucking, the bread upon the peel, must be so exact, that if he looked round for a single moment, it is impossible he should perform it correctly. The fifth receives the biscuit on the peel, and arranges it in the oven; in which duty he is so very expert, that though the different pieces are thrown at the rate of seventy in a minute, the peel is always disengaged in time to receive them separately.

'As the oven stands open during the whole time of filling it, the biscuits first thrown in would be first baked, were there not some counteraction to such an inconvenience. The remedy lies in the ingenuity of the man who forms the pieces of dough, and who, by imperceptible degrees, proportionably diminishes their size, till the loss of that time, which is taken up during the filling of the oven, has no more effect to the disadvantage of one of the biscuits than to another.

'So much critical exactness and neat activity occur in the exercise of this labour, that it is difficult to decide whether the palm of excellence is due to the moulder, the marker, the splitter, the chucker, or the depositor; all of them, like the wheels of a machine, seeming to be actuated by the same principle. The business is to deposit in the oven seventy biscuits in a minute; and this is accomplished with the regularity of a clock; the clack of the peel, during the motion in the oven, operating like the pendulum.'

We do not think it necessary to notice the methods of making turnip bread, or potatoe bread, since the price of grain is such, at present, as will, we trust, enable the humblest peasant to eat good wheaten bread. A description of a family oven, an abstract of the laws prohibiting the adulterations of bread, and a few remarks on the economical use of yeast, conclude the volume.

We will now take leave of Mr. Accum and his three treatises on the making of wine, beer, and bread. There is another art which these works teach, and which Mr. A. has had the modesty not to mention.—We mean the art of book-making, in which he has proved himself quite an adept. The treatises on wine and on brewing afford fine specimens of spinning out a subject; and that on bread has been eked out, with nearly thirty pages of extracts from an old pamphlet on 'the advantage of eating pure and genuine bread.' The whole of the works are printed very loosely, and, though sold at the price of sixteen shillings and sixpence, do not contain so much matter as three numbers of the *Literary Chronicle*.

*Wallace; A Historical Tragedy, in five acts.* By C. E. Walker, Esq. 8vo. pp. 74. London, 1820.

If we thought that we should be the means of discouraging the young author of this dramatic production, which has been represented with so much success at Covent Garden Theatre, or that we should, in the least degree, injure his creditable fame, we would throw down our pen and let the tragedy of Wallace repose with 'all its imperfections on its head.' But, if the judgment of a well-known critic and poet can be relied on, that

'Your own defects to know,  
you must

'Make use of every friend and every foe;' then we shall feel ourselves justified by pointing out the most striking blemishes that deface many poetical and judicious passages in this tragedy.

A modern writer, in speaking of our immortal bard, who was not for an age but for all time, has justly observed, 'That which distinguishes the dramatic productions of Shakespear from all others, is the wonderful variety and perfect individuality of his characters. Each of these is as much itself, and as absolutely independent of the rest, as if they were living persons, not fictions of the mind. The poet appears, for the time being, to be identified with the character he wishes to represent, and to pass from one to the other, like the same soul, successively animating different bodies. By an art like that of the ventriloquist, he throws his imagination out of himself and makes every word appear to proceed from the very mouth of the person whose name it bears. His plays, alone, are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them. His characters are real beings of flesh and blood; they speak like men, not like authors. One might suppose that he had stood by at the time and had overheard what passed. Each object and circumstance seems to exist in his mind as it existed in nature. Each several train of thought and feeling goes on of itself without effort or confusion; in the world of his imagination, every thing has a life, a place, and being of its own.' Every dramatic writer would do well to recollect these remarks; and Mr. Walker in particular, for he has failed most in individuality of character. All his characters think, act, and speak alike. He has fixed on some favourite words and expressions which he has put into the mouths of each of



them, and they are repeated perpetually. The exclamations 'away,' 'enough,' 'heaven,' 'ha,' &c. are used indiscriminately, by several of the characters, in vast profusion. Wallace has—

'Away! hence some of you, and skirt the glen.'

'Away at once.'

'Away with hands.'

'Wert thou but now away.'

Helen has—

'Away—waste not a thought on me.'

'Then away to him.'

'Hence, away, and leave me here to die.'

'And I stand idly here—Away!'

Douglas *away's* it half a dozen times, and Monteith nearly as many. The word *enough* is used frequently, and often very injudiciously. Take the following examples:—

Wallace. 'Enough! and now I do but snatch an hour.'

Douglas. 'Enough; now mark!'

'Enough! thy hand.'

Monteith. 'Enough! thou hast remembered me of that'

[which] Might make me drag a ling'ring life of woe.'

Monteith. 'Enough! ye have your orders.'

Helen. 'Enough! I see.'

But of all others, the word *heaven* is the most hacknied; we could quote at least forty lines in which it occurs; for, in addition to numerous appeals to heaven, we have 'gracious heaven,' the 'face of heaven,' 'dews from heaven,' 'merciful heaven,' 'a glimpse of heaven,' 'yonder heaven,' 'patient heaven,' 'the eye of heaven,' with a number of 'ah! heavens,' and 'oh! heavens.' The exclamation 'Ha!' is used still more reprehensibly: but we will not stop to notice the instances, as the author will perhaps think we have done enough already. Well then, to be brief; there are a few *must not be's*, *cannot be's*, and other *be's* which, though evidently favourites, are intruders in legitimate tragedy; therefore, we advise Mr. Walker to give them a peaceful exit. There is a little word called *ye*, that has crept in and disfigured some of the best poetry. *No more of that*, has spoiled another dozen lines; and *in sooth* is any thing but *soothing*.

Thus, having dwelt so largely on its blemishes, justice demands our giving quotations of a higher description, and which have biassed the public, as well as ourselves, in Mr. Walker's favour:—

From Act 5—Scene the First. [Interior of a prison.]

'Glos. Wallace, it pitieth me to speak thy doom;

But, lo! the sovereign's seal and signature Hath past, and thou must die!

Wal. I have heard no less.

Glos. Aye; but belike this hour; even now the guards

Do wait without to bear thee to thy fate;  
And circling thousands, round the barrier stand,  
In hope to see——

Wal. A fellow-creature die?

And they shall see, how undismay'd  
By every chance and charge, the intrepid soul  
Can proudly triumph o'er oppression.—  
I am prepared.

Glos. Farewell, then, thou brave Scot!

Would that my power availed to change thy doom;

But Edward's edict is imperative,—

Nor will admit delay—yet—yet—awhile—

Farewell!

Helen. [without.] Restrain me not!

[From scene the last.]

Wal. Free again! once more my country free!

Catch the blest sound ye choiring angels—ye

That circles heaven's high throne exultingly;

Ye thunders, join your notes, and loud proclaim

To all the astonish'd world, the tidings round,—

Scotland again is free! the star hath risen

That presages a day of peace!

The Bruce! the Bruce! he comes! he rushes on

Her chains!—my native land is free!

Scotland again is free!

Clif. But for thee

This instant——

Wal. Aye—this instant to the block!

Scotland is free and Wallace falls contented!

Clif. Now lead him on!

The King hath sworn he will not quit you tower

Till the commingling swell of trump and drum,

Shall to the city's utmost bounds proclaim,

Th' arch-rebel is no more!

Come! [Helen falls senseless into the arms of Glos.]

Wal. Hold yet, awhile:

Helen! my latest moment is arrived.

Nay; rouse thee—and collect thy nobler self,

To bid me one farewell—one dear farewell—

Till we do part.

Clif. Now, prisoner—it were best—  
Guards, bear him to the block! [Soldiers approach.]

Wal. [with extreme indignation.] Back!  
back! ye slaves!

Nor dare pollute me with your ruffian land!

Shall it not be permitted me to pour

A few warm tears o'er an expiring wife?

Look there—there—there—[throwing himself on his knees beside her.]

Thou loveliest and thou best!

Is there a power on earth to tear me hence,

Ere I have ta'en of thee one last embrace?

Ah me! my wife! my poor, dear, desolate wife!

And art thou stricken thus for me?—for me

Falls this stroke on thee? Ah! when I'm gone

Thou shalt revive! for I have been to thee

As the fell poison-tree, beneath whose shade,

Thou, sweetest flower, hast sickening died away!

Farewell! farewell! farewell! [Retiring slowly.]

Yet, one kiss more!

One other! oh, eternally farewell!

We have an utter dislike to the presumptuous appeals of tragedians, however Roman-like and prevailing; and independently of our citations of *heavens*, there are other expressions which are reprehensible. The galloping syllable is permitted to run very freely, and the imitations are numerous.

To conclude, we must observe that the orthography and punctuation are very incorrectly printed throughout, and trust Mr. Walker will improve from our candour and impartiality; for we can assure him we would not have taken this pains with an old author, whom we might suspect to be incorrigible.

*Notes on Rio Janeiro and the Southern Parts of Brazil; taken during a Residence of Ten Years in that Country, from 1808 to 1818.* By John Luccock. 4to. pp. 639. London, 1820.

MR. SOUTHEY has given us a valuable history of Brazil; Koster and Prince Maximilian, of Wied Neuwied, have added much information respecting that interesting and extensive country; Mawe has explored its mines; and now Mr. Luccock, in a bulky quarto, pours in a vast quantity of general information to complete our knowledge of the subject. The title of 'Notes' is modestly and very appropriately assumed, for the facts stated by Mr. Luccock are desultory and ill arranged: he is evidently a plain and intelligent man, who has, during his ten years' residence, gleaned a variety of interesting information respecting the Brazils. The singular facts which he details in natural history are confined to general descriptions, and not to scientific notices: this being a branch of science with which he does not appear to be acquainted. This is the more to be regretted as no country in the world presents such an extensive or valuable field for the naturalist; but, not to dwell longer on what Mr. Luccock does not presume to know, we will come to those subjects on which he is sufficiently informed, and make a few extracts from this miscellaneous and unconnected work: and, although by no means first in order, yet of the first importance, we quote a passage on the present state of literature and the arts in Brazil:—

'The licensed press has produced some useful works besides those which relate to military affairs. Among them we reckon, as the most useful, the *Thesouro dos Meninos*, which treats of "Morals, Virtue, and Good Manners." It was dedicated, very properly, to Don Miguel, the king's second son, for no boy can require such instructions more than he does; his education has been most limited and unfortunate. A book entitled, *Lectures on Philosophy*, contains too much of the dogmas of Aristotle and the dark ages to evince that the author is either enlightened or judicious. We have also the *History of*



Extravagant Delusions and Supernatural Influence; the Commercial Laws of Brazil; several useful works on Commerce and Navigation, particularly a Nautical Almanack, calculated for the meridian of Rio; a work badly executed but followed by Tables of the Sun's Declination, of Latitudes and Logarithms; one or two works on Geography; and a Treatise on the Diseases of Negroes.

A private printing press was established at the close of 1816; philosophical lectures were read and attended; the cabinet which formerly belonged to the celebrated Werner was arranged and studied; mineral waters, found in Minas Geraes and other places, had been analysed; and Brazilians boasted of a native discovery, in the composition of gunpowder, but, I apprehend, without reason, for it consists simply in mixing a quantity of fresh saw-dust with the grains; a patent had been granted for making bricks by machinery, and another for the navigation of the bay by a steam boat; a company had been formed even in Cuyaba, under royal patronage, for improvements in the art of mining.

In 1818, at a sale of books, English works went off well, as did some Latin ones: but few, I believe, fell into Brazilian hands; French books are in demand, but it was impossible, by any means, to sell the Glasgow edition of Homer's Iliad in Greek; the Septuagint and New Testament, in the same language; Hederic's, nor even Schrevelius's Lexicon, nor did a Hebrew Psalter with a Latin translation, find a customer.

With the sciences, the arts both mechanic and those which are commonly denominated fine ones, prospered in a high degree, and we had not only blacksmiths, carpenters, and bricklayers, but poets and painters in abundance.

Having discussed the subject of literature, we now turn to that of agriculture, though this would have been a treasonable preference in the time of Jack Cade. The farms in the Brazils, as in all thinly populated countries, are of vast extent:—

The smallest are stated at four square leagues, or more than twenty thousand acres; the largest are said to reach to a hundred square leagues, or near six hundred thousand acres.\* To each three square leagues are allotted four or five thousand head of cattle, six men, and a hundred horses; though, according to circumstances, such as the distance from navigable waters or from church, there must be a variety in the number of oxen kept for the business of a farm. The proportion of horses will appear a very large one; but, it is to be remembered, they cost nothing in keeping, as they are turned out on the plains; that no one

\* Thus a single farm in Brazil nearly equals, in extent, the English counties of Chester, Hereford, Northampton, or Warwick.—REV.

about the farm, not even a slave, ever goes the shortest distance on foot; and that each manager will change his horse two or three times in a day. About a hundred cows are allowed for the supply of milk, butter, cheese, and veal, to a farm of the average size. Hogs are usually found near the houses, but little care is taken of them; they wander about, root up the earth, devour reptiles, and make a good part of their subsistence on the waste parts of the cattle slaughtered. There are few sheep, and they are remarkably light and ill made, with a short ordinary wool, which, however, might easily be improved. This wool is, at present, used partly unstripped from the skins, as saddle covers and the like; partly, for the stuffing of beds and mattresses. The country is so thinly peopled, its inhabitants have so little liking to mutton, and the wild dogs, and other beasts and birds of prey are so numerous, that there can be little inducement to increase the flocks.

In every farm there is, at least, one enclosed place, called rodeis, generally on the highest spot; here the cattle are occasionally collected, marked, and treated as circumstances may require. So accustomed are they, particularly the horses, to this practice, that when the servants of the farm ride along, swinging their lasos or their hats, and loudly pronouncing the word rodeis, they all walk slowly to the spot. In a country so little enlivened by variety, this assemblage forms one of its most rural and pleasant scenes.

As an instance of the extent to which grazing is carried in Brazil, Mr. L. states 'that in one year, an individual, Jozé Antonio dos Anjos, slaughtered fifty-four thousand head of cattle, and charqued the flesh.' The name of charqueados is derived from the charqued beef which the district prepares and exports. When the cattle are killed and skinned, the flesh is taken off from the sides in one broad piece, something like a flitch of bacon; it is then slightly sprinkled with salt and dried in the sun. In that state it is the common food of the peasantry of Brazil; and, says our author, 'is, in itself, by no means to be despised.' From the numerous notices of subjects on natural history, which this work contains, we select the following, hoping that Mr. L. did not participate in the barbarous amusement with the frogs:—

No stranger can possibly conceive the number of frogs found on the swampy grounds, nor the noise which they make. It was a common diversion when they issued from their lurking places at night, to procure a forked stick, with sharp points, and to strike it on the ground, without any very particular selection of place, un-

til the forked part was full of them; these were stripped off, and the operation recommenced; thus many hundreds were killed in a very short time. Ants, of several species, are also a most serious pest. Every house, and almost every yard of dry ground, is infested with them, and the wounds which they inflict are painful and irritating, arising, I suspect, not from the mere bite, but from some venomous fluid left by them beneath the skin. The wandering Indians, who cannot escape them, cultivate in their warriors not only a contempt for such molestations, but a general spirit of stern endurance, by placing them in a nest of these insects. In this country these insects present no lesson of useful labour; they are restless and active, but, as it seems to me, to no purpose. I have observed them carrying a heap of sand through a hole in a wall, dropping it on the opposite side; and, when the whole is cleared away, carrying it back again with the same air of important occupation.

We suspect Mr. Luccock is quite wrong here, and that this employment of the ants is to promote habits of industry. Lord Castlereagh, who recommended in the House of Commons that the labouring poor should be employed in digging holes in the ground and filling them up again, no doubt took the hint from the Brazilian insects, although he claimed it as an original idea.

In a broad sandy plain, north of St. John, which is covered with coarse herbage, Mr. Luccock met with a Brazilian porcupine, which he attempted to drive before him. He says,—

'The animal is naturally slow, and to urge it to greater speed and prevent its escape among the shrubs, I made use of my hat, a leghorn one, lined with leather at the back part of the brim. Being released from the office of driver by some boys, who willingly undertook it, and about to put on my hat, I was surprised to find several of the animal's quills sticking in it, which had penetrated the leather as well as the straw. This circumstance induced me to think that they are discharged with considerable force; and this opinion was confirmed by my hearing one of the boys cry out that he was wounded in the leg; a misfortune to which his companions evidently thought themselves liable, and which rendered them cautious. It is probable that the hat might be very near, if not actually touching the porcupine, when the quills struck the brim, and that at a greater distance they might have fallen to the ground. Yet the wound which the boy received showed that they could take effect at the distance of several, if not of many inches. The quills were nearly an inch long, had a hard, sharp, brown point; the other end hollow, of a pale straw, inclining to flesh



colour, and the intermediate space had alternate rings of bright yellow and brown. These points appeared perfectly smooth and polished; but their effect on dogs, which seized the animal in hunting, indicates that they are really barbed, for they work into the tongues and gums of the poor howling creatures and cannot be extracted without violence.

The snakes in Brazil are of large size, and many of them extremely venomous. Mr. L. mentions one, which was killed near his inn, called the Jara-ráca:—

‘It was about eight feet long, and from the dinginess of its blue and yellow skin, was, I suspect, old or diseased. The blow by which it was destroyed, had exposed the fangs of the lower jaw, in which state it was carelessly left; when a hen of the common domestic kind, with her chickens, approaching the spot, instantly gave the note of alarm, collected the terrified brood behind her, spread her wings, bristled her feathers, and seemed prepared either to fight or fly. Seeing the reptile motionless, she took courage, gradually drew nearer to it, at length made a hasty attack with her bill on the open jaw, and immediately retreated. She continued such attacks until she had taken something from each side of the jaw and swallowed it. She then appeared to think no farther precaution necessary, but led her chickens to feed close by the carcass. I had frequently observed domestic fowls devouring ants and scorpions, and had watched, with interest, their battles with centipedes; but never before saw one attack so large a reptile, or seek its food from such a creature. Little did I imagine that the vesicles of poison in the jaw of a snake could be delicious, or even wholesome food for any living thing.’

We have hitherto quoted nothing respecting the character of the Brazilians, but, indeed, on that subject, we have inserted much in the two preceding volumes of the *Literary Chronicle*, in our reviews of Southey's Brazil and Prince Maximilian's Travels. We, however, now add an anecdote of Indian revenge, which occurred near Uvá:—

‘Two gentlemen having obtained a grant, sent a person, accustomed to the country, to settle upon it. Probably, by some means, he offended the Indians remaining in the neighbouring woods; for one day a shot fired at him, struck the powder horn in his waistcoat pocket, and wounded him in the wrist. Being on horseback, he instantly pursued his assailants, and saw two Indians, who escaped from him in their usual mode. In such cases, the fugitive endeavours to reach the brow of a hill little encumbered with wood, where, dropping on his breech, he puts his head between his knees, and his arms round his ancles: in this state being nearly as round as a ball, he precipitates

himself from the brow and rolls speedily to the bottom. From this circumstance, I apprehend, the Indians take their modern name of Booticudies or Butudies, a barbarous word, half Tupi, half Portuguese, signifying fallers by the breech. The man who had been wounded was obliged to come down to Rio for surgical assistance. On his return, he was seriously cautioned against exposing himself to similar attacks. About fourteen days after, as he was riding along the road, followed, at some distance, by a slave, a shot fired again by an invisible hand, threw him forward on the saddle, and a second brought him to the ground. Two Indians then came out of the wood, one of whom walked deliberately to the Negro, and ordered him to halt, while the other went to their victim, broke his legs, and beat out his brains. Afterwards they shot the horse and decamped. Every search was made for them, but these people are too well acquainted with the forests to want secure lurking places, and defy, if they have any knowledge of, the arm of the law.’

We are going to conclude with an extract which more immediately concerns our female readers, and yet, we suspect, they will scarcely thank us for it, as most persons had rather suffer a fraud unconsciously, than know they have been imposed upon. Mr. L. says,—

‘At Chapon, we visited the gold and topaz mines, the possessors of which are reported to be wealthy; but, if they are so, it is in the midst of such a want of comforts as would make a Briton, not over delicate, completely miserable. They produced a large quantity of real topazes, and endeavoured to convince me that a cubical mass of yellow transparent spar, though differing so widely from the usual form, was a stone of that description; when closely pressed, however, they wished to insinuate that it was composed of parts truly prismatic. We ought to distinguish between precious stones and such spars as these, which abound in the country, are of various colours, and though of almost as little value as pebbles, are made to imitate the topaz, the emerald, the amethyst, and even the diamond, and as such are frequently passed off to inexperienced purchasers. The appearance of the imitative topaz is often more imposing than that of the real one of South America, for I never yet saw the latter in a perfect state, but almost invariably fractured at one end, frequently at both. Of the stones sent to Europe under dazzling names, particularly as topazes, agoa-marinao, and amethysts, many are nothing more than pieces of spar, found in the beds of rivers and affected by the common attrition of streams.’

With this extract we close our notice of Mr. Luccock's work; which,

although more bulky than was necessary, contains much varied and valuable information respecting a country which is growing in interest.

*Poems.* By Thomas Gent. 12mo. pp. 155. London, 1820.

MR. GENT is one of the most pleasing, as well as the most unassuming of the minor poets of the day. We use the word minor, rather in reference to the extent than the merit of his productions, for this small volume affords some specimens which might compare with those of our most popular and most favourite authors. In proof of this assertion we need only quote the following:—

#### TO MARY.

Oh! is there not in infant smiles  
A witching power, a cheering ray,  
A charm that every care beguiles,  
And bids the weary soul be gay?

There surely is—for thou hast been  
Child of my heart, my peaceful dove,  
Gladd'ning life's sad and chequered scene,  
An emblem of the peace above.

Now all is calm and dark and still,  
And bright the beam the moonlight throws  
On ocean wave, and gentle rill,  
And on thy slumbering cheek of rose.

And may no care disturb that breast,  
Nor sorrow dim that brow serene;  
And may thy latest years be blest  
As thy sweet infancy has been.

Mr. Gent is as successful in facetiousness as he is in tenderness, and this little volume abounds with instances of both, in the most agreeable variety. There is a good deal of satiric humour in the following epigram:—

‘I knew a being once, his peaked head  
With a few lank and greasy hairs was spread;  
His visage blue, in length was like your own  
Seen in the convex of a table spoon.  
His mouth, or rather gash, athwart his face,  
To stop at either ear had just the grace,  
A hideous rift: his teeth were all canine;  
And just like Death's (in Milton) was his grin.  
One shilling and one fourteen penny leg,  
(This shorter was than that, and not so big),  
He had; and they, when meeting at his knees,  
An angle formed of ninety-eight degrees.  
Nature in scheming how his back to vary,  
A hint had taken from the dromedary;  
His eyes an inward screwing vision threw,  
Striving each other thro' his nose to view;  
His intellect was just one ray above  
The idiot Cymon's, ere he fell in love.  
At school they Taraxippus called the wight;  
The Misses, when they met him, shrieked with  
fright;  
But, spite of all that Nature had denied,  
When sudden Fortune made the cub her pride,  
And gave him twenty thousand pounds a-year,  
Then from the pretty Misses you might hear,  
“His face was not the finest; and, indeed,  
He was a little, they must own, in-kneed;  
His shoulders, certainly, were rather high,  
But then, he had a most expressive eye;



Nor were their hearts by outward charms inclined;  
Give them the higher beauties of the mind."

These specimens will enable such of our readers as are not already acquainted with Mr. Gent, to judge of his poetical talents, of which we have always thought very favourably.

## Original Communications.

### BOILED INFANT COTTON SPINNERS!

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—It is fated that France and England shall never be at peace,—the moment the sword is sheathed, the pen is dipped in gall, and the French writers make sad havock with us, our manners, our books, and even our art of cookery; for the latter, look only into the *Cuisiniere Bourgeoise*, and you will learn not only the 'English way of dressing roast beef of beef, but also roast beef of mutton and lamb!' The last number of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, a monthly journal, accused the English of 'incredible barbarity' to the young children employed in cotton manufactories, keeping them from 13 to 16 hours a-day, in a place 25 degrees above the boiling point. Now, as their own bouillie beef takes only seven hours to boil, they must think English children made of tough stuff not to be stewed to rags in that time; and lest the author's veracity should be doubted, he quotes the English text, from the Report of the House of Commons, wherein it is stated, the children are kept in a heat of 70 to 90 degrees; this, the sapient Frenchman translates literally, forgetting, or perhaps not knowing, that we calculate by Fahrenheit, on which the boiling point is at 212°, and they by Reaumur, in which it is at 80°!! We leave our learned brethren of the Seine to explain this blunder in their own way, but we would in future recommend them to look before they leap, and abstain from condemning till they understand.

Z.

### CLERICAL DANCING.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—As I expected, answers to and observations on the Clerical Dancer have speedily appeared; but I certainly expected something more substantial, pro and con. The two\* would-be ladies are far from treating the subject

\* For they appear to have more the style of male than female writers.

with the attention and argument it deserves; neither are Mr. Cantab's observations and defence of clerical dancing sufficiently substantial, making his plea in its being a healthy exercise, since I can prove that many a valuable life has fallen a sacrifice to the effects of dancing.

I am myself so fond of dancing, that I have frequently rode many miles to a family dance, and returned, at this season of the year, at midnight, through frost and snow, when a bed could not be spared; and the ladies also were obliged to turn out when beds were scarce. I leave it to Cantab to judge if many constitutions could sustain so much with impunity. But this is not so much to the point. I deny that dancing in a crowded, heated, and consequently impure atmosphere, is productive of any corporeal advantage; half an hour's walk or a ride, in the fresh air, will be of more benefit to a person of studious habits, than four or six hours' dancing in a close room. So that dancing, so far as it concerns health, can form no plea for the practice.

How ridiculous would Dr. Herschell make himself appear, even were he younger, or any other grave philosopher, in a country-dance or waltz, for no other reason than that it is derogatory to the character supposed essential to profound philosophers, who spend much time in serious contemplation.

We are pleased with toys when children, but as we grow older, and have our minds interested with nobler pursuits, we neglect our toys, which afforded us so much pleasure, as objects beneath our attention.

So methinks the clerical character, from frequent meditation and contemplation on the divine precepts and ordinances of Almighty God, contained in the Holy Scriptures, would so far elevate his ideas and desires, as that all worldly desires and pleasures should appear mere trifles, not worth concern, and beneath his pursuit who has joys and rewards of Paradise in the society of blissful angels, in view, to recompense him for all deprivations, self-denials, and sufferings in this transitory world. I am far from considering dancing a sin; but, at the same time, I think it indecorous for clerical gentlemen to be seen hopping and frisking about in a dance. The preachers of the Gospel are the successors of the Apostles and Jesus Christ; and I think it is inconsistent to see a modern apostle dance, as it is improbable that St.

Paul or the Evangelists ever mingled in a Jewish, Grecian, or Roman dance.

It is much to be regretted that persons enter the sacred profession from other motives than that of serving the cause of christianity and morality. A good living, through the interest of a friend, is frequently a strong inducement to a parent to bring up his child to the church, who does no credit to it or himself, but might have proved a brave soldier, or a physician, or lawyer, &c. So long as this continues to be a motive with candidates for church preferment, so long shall we have clergymen hankering after worldly pleasures and amusements, forgetting that 'no man putting his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven.'

I beg, in conclusion, to offer this consolation to Rev. P——, of Essex, that, if he is a sound christian, a man of refined sentiments and education (which a clergyman ought to be), he will find it more to his comfort and interest to remain in a state of celibacy, than marry a lady who can perceive no other accomplishments in him, to induce her to prefer him for a husband, than a pretty dancer.

Your constant reader,

EDWD. PRICE.

Narberth, Jan. 1, 1831.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

New Year's Day in Paris is the most remarkable in the whole year; it is the only day which resembles in its externals an English Sunday; for, though that day receives no respect in Paris, the opening of the new year displays all its characteristics,—all the shops are shut,—labour suspends his toil,—commerce reposes on her oars,—and the philosopher suspends his studies; nature and nature's son enjoy an universal holiday.

For several weeks preceding New Year's Day, various classes of ingenious artists employ all their talent and skill, to shine with an uncommon lustre on the auspicious opening of the new year; these are the confectioners, the embossers of visiting cards, the jewellers, &c. and their shops on this day display a degree of taste and magnificence difficult to describe, and totally unknown in England. This is the day of universal greetings, of renewing acquaintance, of counting how many links have been broken by time last year in the circles



of friendship, and what new ones have replaced them. All persons, whatever may be their rank, degree, or profession, form a list of the names of persons whose friendship they wish to preserve or cultivate; to each of these persons a porter is sent, to deliver their card. Those more particularly connected with them by blood or friendship, are visited in person; and all who meet embrace on this happy day. Millions of cards are distributed; and nothing is seen in the streets but well dressed persons going to visit their friends and relations, and renew in an affectionate manner all the endearing charms of friendship. On this day, too, parents, friends, and lovers bestow their presents on the various objects of their affection, and pour so many draughts of the most delightful balm that human nature can partake of. We will not pretend to depict these scenes of universal joy,—every sensible heart will feel, relish, and enjoy them, and thereby anticipate all that a rapturous poet could imagine on so delightful a subject. Then,—

‘Let mirth abound; let social cheer  
Invest the dawning o’ the year;  
Let blithesome innocence appear  
To crown our joy,  
Nor envy, with sarcastic sneer,  
Our bliss destroy.’

#### ANECDOTES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

[FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE]

The Highlanders\* are now, and ever have been, remarkable for their presence of mind and ready wit; to prove which, the following anecdotes may serve as a few instances.

The two powerful clans of M'Donald and M'Dougald are descended from two twin brothers, whose birth-right, from some neglect of the midwives, could not be decided. Their father, a powerful Irish chieftain, died; and disputes ran high between the brothers concerning primogeniture. This was the state of affairs, when, being in the train of Fergus I., on his voyage to Scotland, at the suggestion of that prince, it was mutually agreed, that he whose hand should first touch Scottish ground should be considered as

\* It is not a little singular that less is known in England, and even in Edinburgh, of the manners and domestic habits of the Highlanders than of those of the Hottentots. Their superstitions also, notwithstanding Mrs. Grant's work on that subject, are very imperfectly known. The reasons are, that Scotchmen are too vain to tell what would do no honor to their countrymen, and Englishmen, being ignorant of the language, have not the means of arriving at the truth.

chief of his house. It was supposed that both, on approaching the shore, would plunge into the waves, and that success would crown the efforts of the best swimmer. Dougald meant to follow that course, but was prevented by Donald, who, on coming within a stone-cast of the beach, drew his sword, cut off his left hand by the wrist, and threw it bleeding on land; at the same time calling the King and his attendants to witness that his left hand, his flesh, blood, and bone, had first touched the Scottish earth. In commemoration of this extraordinary instance of presence of mind, the lords of the isles wear a bloody hand in their coat of arms ‘unto this day.’

After the defeat of the Highlanders at Culloden, John Roy Stewart was lurking in a hiding place, in Kincardine, Strathspey, his native place, and a party of soldiers stationed there, were in search of him. One day, they received private intelligence of his retreat, and the party, in a body, was marching thither to secure him, when his son, a boy about ten or twelve years of age, happened, luckily, to be going to his father with some provisions tied in a handkerchief. He could not be mistaken! the whole party, consisting of a serjeant and twelve, were making directly towards his father's cave,—something must instantly be done to give the alarm. There was a drummer also of the party, and with him young Stewart entered into conversation. He soon learnt that the greatest grievance little *duck-leg* had to complain of was the woeful effect which the keen Highland air had upon his stomach.—‘Nothing can be better,’ argued the sagacious mountaineer; ‘he will soon forget the danger of his back for the gratification of his belly.’ They lagged behind; and Stewart affected great curiosity to know the use of the *drum*. ‘I’ll give you all the provisions I carry in this bundle,’ said he to the drummer, ‘if you shew me the use of that same thing.’ The offer was too tempting, the drum was braced; and three jolly ruffs put its possessor also in possession of a roasted fowl, a quantity of bread and cheese, and some whiskey; and warned the intrepid Roy Stewart to fly from his merciless pursuers.

Captain Lewis Grant meeting a Highland girl, who had just forded the Spey with a peck of meal under her arm, was minded to puzzle her, by asking the depth of the ford, the price of the meal, and the hour of the day, all in a breath,—

‘How deep?—How dear?—How late?’  
quired the witty captain,—

‘Past nine, going to ten;  
Knee deep, and eleven pence,’  
was the quick reply. ULLIN.

#### TWELFTH-DAY.

[FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.]

‘Now, now the mirth comes,  
With the cake full of plums,  
Where Beane’s the King of the sport here;  
Beside we must know,  
The Pea also  
Must revell as Queene in the court here.  
Begin then to chuse,  
This night as ye use,  
Who shall for the present delight here;  
Be a King by the lot,  
And who shall not  
Be Twelfe-day Queene for the night here.’  
HERRICK.

THE rites of Twelfth Day, called also the Feast of the Epiphany, (from a Greek word, signifying ‘manifestation,’) though different in various countries, have the same common object, that of doing honour to the eastern magi, to whom Christ on this day was manifested, and who, according to a tradition of the Romish church, were three in number, and of royal dignity. ‘Of these magi, or sages, (vulgarly called the three kings of Colen,) the first, named Melchior, an aged man, with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Balthasar, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh, according to this distich:—

‘Tres Reges Regi Regum tria dona ferebant;  
Myrrham Homini, Uncto aurum, Thura dedere  
Deo\*.’

The custom of making the offerings was observed at court so late as the year 1731, when, at the Chapel Royal of St. James, on Twelfth Day, George II. and his son, the Prince of Wales, ‘made the offerings at the altar, of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to custom.’ The offerings are still continued, but they are now made by proxy.

Ever since the days of Alfred, who made a law that the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour should be kept as festivals, Twelfth Day has been remarkable for its festivities. Bourne says, it is one of the greatest of the twelve, and of more jovial observation for the visiting of friends and Christmas gambols.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the celebration of Twelfth

\* Festa Anglo-Romana, p. 7.



Day was, equally with Christmas Day, a festival throughout the land, and was observed with great ostentation and ceremony in both the universities, at court, at the Temple, and at Lincoln's and Gray's Inn. Many of the Masques of Ben Jonson were written for the amusement of the royal family on this night; and Dugdale, in his *Origines Juridicales*, has given us a long and particular account of the revelry at the Temple on each of the twelve days of Christmas, in the year 1562.

The breakfast on Twelfth Day was directed to be of brawn, mustard, and malmsiey; the dinner of two courses, to be served in the hall; and, 'after the first course, cometh in the master of the game, appparelled in green velvet; and the ranger of the forest also, in a green suit of satten, bearing in his hand a green bow, and divers arrows; with either of them a hunting horn about their necks, they pace round about the fire three times. Then the master of the game maketh three curtesies, kneels down, and petitions to be admitted into the service of the lord of the feast.

'This ceremony performed, a huntsman cometh into the hall with a fox, and a purse-net with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff, and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns. And the fox and cat are by the hounds set upon and killed beneath the fire. This sport finished, the marshal (an officer so called, who with many others, under different appellations, were created for the purpose of conducting the revels,) placeth them in their several appointed places.'

After the second course, the 'ancientest of the masters of the revels singeth a song, with the assistance of others there present;' and after some repose and revels, supper, consisting of two courses, is then served in the hall, and being finished, 'the marshal presenteth himself with drums afore him, mounted upon a scaffold, born by four men; and goeth three times round about the harthe, crying out aloud, "A lord, a lord," &c.; then he descendeth and goeth to dance. This done, the lord of misrule addresseth himself to the banquet, which ended with some ministralsye, mirth, and dancing, every man departeth to rest.'

Such were the rural sports of our ancestors on Twelfth Day, in the 16th century; these, however, were not the only amusements, as a King and Queen were chosen for the night, as appears by the quotation from Herrick, who was

contemporary with Shakespeare, at the head of this article; and in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Christmas*, the character of Babycake is attended by 'an usher, bearing a great cake with a bean and pease.' The chusing a person King or Queen by a bean found in a piece of a divided cake, was formerly a common Christmas gambol in both the English universities; and the practice of balloting for them by written papers or characters is of modern date.

The practice of chusing King and Queen on Twelfth Night, is said to owe its origin to a custom among the Romans, which they took from the Grecians, of casting dice who should be the *Rex Convivii*, or, as Horace calls him, the *Arbiter Bibendi*. Whoever threw the lucky cast, which they termed *Venus* or *Basilicus*, gave laws for the night. A similar custom was observed at the festival called *Saturnalia*, among the Romans and Grecians, when persons of the same rank drew lots for kingdoms, and, like kings, exercised their temporal authority.

In the ancient calendar of the Romish church, there is an observation on the 5th day of January, the eve or vigil of the Epiphany: 'Kings created or elected by beans.' The 6th is called 'The Festival of Kings,' with this additional remark, 'that the ceremony of electing kings was continued with feasting for many days.' In the cities and academies of Germany, the students and citizens choose one of their own number for King, providing a most magnificent banquet on the occasion. In France, during the *ancien regime*, one of the courtiers was chosen King, and the nobles attended on this day at an entertainment; but, at the end of the year 1792, the council general of the commons at Paris, passed an arrêt, in consequence of which, 'La Fête des Rois,' (Twelfth Day,) was thenceforth to be called 'La Fête des Sansculottes.' It was called an anti-civic feast, which made every priest that kept it a royalist.

With the French, 'Le Roi de la Fête' signifies a Twelfth Night King; and they have a proverb, 'Il a trouvé la fève au gâteau,' signifying, 'he is in luck,' &c. but, literally, 'he has found the bean in the cake.' There is a very curious account in *Le Roux Dictionnaire Comique*, of the French ceremony of the 'Rois de la Fête,' which explains Jordan's fine picture of 'Le Roi boit;' but we prefer concluding this account of Twelfth Day with a song from the *Anthologie Francaise*, for

1817, in which the subject is very happily moralized:—

LES ROIS DE LA FEVE.

En ce jour le sort m'est propice,  
Et sur le trône il m'a porté;  
Amis, que l'on se réjouisse,  
Pour célébrer ma royauté.  
Mon règne n'étant qu'un beau rêve,  
Prolongez mon heureux sommeil;  
Car vous me direz au réveil:  
"Tu n'étais qu'un Roi de la fève."

Nous voyons souvent sur la scène  
César, Auguste, Agamemnon;  
Mais les enfans de Melpomène  
De ces grands Rois n'ont que le nom.  
Alors que la pièce s'achève  
Se dissipe l'illusion;  
César, Auguste, Agamemnon,  
Ne sont que des Rois de la fève.

Si le bonheur est sur le trône,  
J'en jouirai quelques momens;  
Mais si la gloire l'environne,  
Elle en cache aussi les tourmens.  
Quand vers les cieux mon œil s'élève,  
Je dis: "Ces Rois si grands, si fiers,  
Devant le Roi de l'Univers,  
Que sont-ils? des Rois de la fève."

X.

Original Criticisms

ON

The Principal Performers of the Theatres  
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.

MESSRS. POPE, EGERTON, CONNOR, AND  
HOLLAND.

'I'd rather hear a brazen can'stick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree.'

SHAKESPEARE.

OF these four worthies perhaps Mr. Pope stands rather the highest, though bad indeed is the best; we have heard that, fourteen or sixteen years ago, this gentleman was an extremely fine actor;—if so, he may now with great justice and propriety exclaim with Wolsey,—'Nay, then, farewell! I've touched the highest point of all my greatness, and from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting.' Mr. Pope has undoubtedly fine lungs; he makes a great noise, has a great skill in clapping, and is a tatterdemalion of passions. He has not one requisite for an actor, excepting a good voice, and this he uses at all times, and on all occasions, with such vehemence, that its value is entirely lost. He substitutes rant for reason and raving for energy; in fine, he exactly answers Shakespeare's description of a 'robustious fellow, who tears a passion to rags, to very tatters.' His face is as hard and unmeaning as a piece of wainscot, his eyes are generally nearly closed, and his brow always pursed up and contracted with an angry frown. We have been told that he formerly performed Othello



with great applause; if this was the case, it must have been because his countenance was not exactly seen, for surely no person can be pleased unless the eye answers to the heart, and the external corresponds with the internal action. Mr. Pope may have been a good actor; we do not mean to deny it; we cannot contradict it; but we are speaking of him as he is at the present time, when he is neither a fine, a good, or even, generally speaking, a tolerable actor. He is barely respectable in more than half a dozen characters; nothing can be worse than his Iago; indeed, we only mention it to deplore that any one should be permitted to stalk through the very character which has acquired so much celebrity from the pre-eminent acting of the late Mr. Cooke, Mr. Kean, and Mr. Macready. The illusion is completely destroyed; we trust, however, never again to endure the pain of its repetition. We are, however, always more happy to point out beauties than defects; it therefore gives us pleasure to eulogize the feeling manner in which he plays Hubert, particularly the scene in which he is about to put out the eyes of the unfortunate Arthur. His rough honesty in Clytus, his 'trusty Caius,' in 'King Lear,' his admirable performance of Sciolto, his 'Old John of Gaunt, Time Honour'd Lancaster,' his blunt Casca, and his highly natural representation of Old Norval, deserve favourable mention. But here commendation must cease. His Henry the Sixth is boisterous, noisy, and vociferous; and we really feel obliged to Richard for ridding us of so much clamorous vehemence. He may have played Mr. Oakley and Mr. Strickland well in his younger days, but they are miserable now. His Friar Lawrence and Lascasas are the best things he has done lately; they might, however, be very much improved. We advise Mr. Pope to repress his voice as much as possible; his other physical deficiencies, of course, he can never supply, but he may be more calm, and act with a little more judgment and discretion; we never expect to see him play finely, but he certainly may, with care and attention, maintain his station as a decent third-rate performer.

Of MR. EGERTON the less said the better, 'he is indeed a fellow of no mark nor likelihood,' if he has been seen once, he has been seen always, he has no change of voice, no variety of manner, always the same monotonous

sepulchral drawl, always inanimate, always unfeeling. Whether as the fat ghost in Hamlet, or Banquo, the hypocritical arch fiend Stukely, the distressed merchant Antonio, the Solemn Capulet, the licentious and overbearing Henry the Eighth, or the majestic Cymbeline, it is still nothing but Mr. Egerton. The pungent remarks of the sarcastic sneer are entirely lost by the inefficient manner in which Mr. Egerton performs the character. In Tullus Aufidius, he looks more like a brawny butcher than a Volscian, he is sadly wanting in nobility in his interviews with the haughty Coriolanus. His attempt of Joseph Surface merits the severest animadversion, unless, indeed, we would divest the accomplished hypocrite of every thing like gentlemanly manners. What are we to say then of his Macduff? If clenching his fist and striking his bosom every other moment, is pathetic, it is unquestionably a fine performance: in our humble opinion, however, every body can do so; it is the transition of voice and countenance from desperate to languid sorrow, as the passion fluctuates, that indicates the master; it is this which renders Mr. C. Kemble's personation of the wronged and virtuous Trane, the most perfect representation on the stage. He is coarse and vulgar in Major Oakley, to a degree that can charm only his counterparts in the galleries. His Ford possesses very few beauties, but we forbear further comment, as the part is altogether far beyond him. His Iago is but little better than Mr. Pope's; his own good sense should teach him never to appear in characters of this nature; he cannot surely expect to succeed in them. His best efforts, and they are but efforts, are Syphax, Clytus, and Sully, in 'Henri Quatre.' He makes as much of the bluntness of the two former characters, as it is possible, and he both looked and dressed the latter extremely well. The good humoured gaiety, gallantry, and generosity of Henri are finely contrasted with the gravity of his staid counsellor, Sully; we again repeat that these characters are very decently performed.

It may be, with justice, said of Mr. CONNOR, that 'he has no spur to prick the sides of his intent, but only vaulting ambition which overleaps itself.' The characters of Glow-worm, in Teasing made Easy, (originally sustained by Mr. Jones;) Howard, in the Will; Kera Khan, Pizarro, the fiery Tybalt, (Mr. Connor having no more

animation or fire than an automaton;) Axalla, in Tamerlane; Lovewell, in the Clandestine Marriage, &c. &c. and numberless others, formerly performed by Mr. C. Kemble, will fully justify our remarks. It was a direct insult to the public to assign him the character of the Prince of Wales, in Henry IV.; the gay, the airy, the sprightly Henry was converted into a vulgar Irish bog-trotter; all the elegance, the wit, the piquant raillery was completely lost; our disgust was also much increased by having, a short time before, seen Mr. C. Kemble in the same part, whose exquisite delineation was still vivid in our recollection. What are we to say, then, of his perpetual performance of Don Juan? why, merely this; that he is about as far distant from giving us any conception of the character, as we are from the Antipodes. Imagine a fat, vulgar, bald-headed man of forty, personating the handsomest, most gallant, and most dissipated character throughout the Spanish dominions. Is it possible that such a representation can excite any thing but laughter and well-merited contempt? The only characters which he performs at all respectably, are Irishmen; he is, however, too hurried in his articulation; still he possesses a more just conception of an Irish gentleman than we generally see exhibited; he has no more of the brogue than is sufficient to distinguish his country, in which respect he reminds us of the inimitable Johnstone. We have good specimens of gentlemen in Sir Patrick M'Guire and Sir Lucius O'Trigger; he likewise displays considerable ability in such bog-trotters as Pat, in Pigeons and Crows, and the Irishman, in Rosina; nor will we forget O'Donnel, in Henri Quatre; Foigard, in the Beaux Stratagem; Father Luke, in the Poor Soldier; and Captain O'Cutter, in the Jealous Wife.

Though last not least in our dear love stands Mr. HOLLAND; we think this gentleman has a small portion of talent, but it is obscured by a host of faults. 'He creeps, he flies, (a hero should not walk,)' he struts, he bellows, he saws the air with one hand. Whenever he personates old men, he walks as if his legs were tied together; when young ones or lovers, he seems to have infinitely too much self importance to think of any thing but himself; it is, therefore, in middle aged characters that he succeeds the best. Among these we would instance Buckingham, and Valerius, in Brutus, which possess considerable merit. It was presump-



tion in him to attempt the character of the Abbe de L'Epee, especially after Mr. Kemble had performed it in so masterly a style. In Lord Lovell, he sits as unconcerned during the time Sir Giles Overreach is relating his villainous projects, as if they were conversing on common place topics. Nothing can be much more absurd than to see him figuring away in comedy; it is quite ridiculous for a man of his age to aim at performing Darnley, in the Hypocrite; Hastings, in *She Stoops to Conquer*; and Colonel Briton, in the Wonder. What could induce him to undertake Cassio, for which he has not a single requisite? His drunken scene is miserable; indeed, the whole character is completely murdered. The only part which he really plays finely, is the Prior, in *Bertram*; we could not have imagined that he possessed so much talent: in several passages he was eminently successful, and received that applause which his admirable delineation so richly deserved; indeed, we really are at a loss whether to admire him, in the Prior, or Mr. Kean, in *Bertram*, the most; we should, however, have preferred religion clad in a little less austerity. We shall now conclude our brief notices of these gentlemen, merely observing, that we trust they will never appear in any character which requires a more than ordinary share of genius or ability.

W. H. PARRY.

#### THE JEW'S LEAP.\*

THE path we were now obliged to follow was not more than two feet wide, in one place, and on our left it broke off in a precipice of some hundred feet deep to the sea; the smallest slip of the mule or camel would have plunged it and its rider down the rocks to inevitable and instant death, as there was no bush or any thing to lay hold of by which a man might save his life. Very fortunately for us, there had been no rain for a considerable time previous, so that the road was now dry. Rais told me, when it was wet it was never attempted, and that many fatal accidents had happened there within his remembrance; though there was another road which led round over the mountain far within the country.

One of these accidents he said he

\* A dangerous and frightful pass, over which Captain Riley and his fellow sufferers travelled, in their journey from Santa Cruz towards Mogadore, as related in his own narrative.—*From Riley's Narrative.*

would mention.—‘A company of Jews, six in number, from Santa Cruz for Morocco, came to this place with their loaded mules in the twilight, after sunset; being very anxious to get past it before night, they did not take the precaution to look out and call aloud before they entered on it, for there is a place built at each end of this dangerous piece of road, from whence one may see if there are others on it, not being quite half a mile in length; a person, in hallooing out, can be heard from one end to the other, and it is the practice of all who go this way to give this signal. A company of Moors had entered at the other end going towards Santa Cruz, at the same time, and they also supposing that no others would dare to pass it at that hour, came on without the usual precaution. When about half way over, and in the place the two parties met, there was no possibility of passing each other, or turning about to back either way; the Moors were mounted as well as the Jews, neither party could retire, nor could any one, except the foremost, get on his mule: the Moors soon became outrageous, and threatened to throw the Jews down headlong: the Jews, though they had always been treated like slaves, and forced to submit to every insult and indignity, yet finding themselves in this perilous situation, without the possibility of retiring, and unwilling to break their necks merely to accommodate the Moors, the foremost Jew dismounted, carefully, over the head of his mule, with a stout stick in his hand; the Moor nearest him did the same, and came forward to attack him with his scimitar: both were fighting for their lives, as neither could retreat; the Jew's mule was first pitched down the craggy steep, and dashed to atoms by the fall. The Jew's stick was next hacked to pieces by the scimitar; when, finding it was impossible for him to save his life, he seized the Moor in his arms, and, springing off the precipice, both were instantly hurled to destruction; two more of the Jews and one Moor lost their lives, in the same way, together with eight mules! and the three Jews, who made out to escape, were hunted down and killed by the relations of the Moors who had lost their lives on the pass, and the place has, ever since, been called the Jew's Leap. It is, indeed, enough to produce dizziness, even in the head of a sailor, and if I had been told the story before getting on this frightful ridge, I am not

certain, but that my imagination might have disturbed my faculties, and rendered me incapable of proceeding with safety along this perilous path.

#### ON BALLS FOR CHILDREN.

‘To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven,’ said the wise man; but said it before the invention of baby balls.

This modern device is a sort of a triple conspiracy against the innocence, the health, and the happiness of children.

Thus by factitious amusements to rob them of a relish for the simple joys, the unbought delights, which naturally belong to them, is like blotting out spring from the year.

To sacrifice the true and proper enjoyments of sprightly and happy children, is to make them pay a dear and disproportionate price for their artificial pleasures.

They step at once from the nursery to the ball-room, and, by a preposterous change of habits, are thinking of dressing *themselves* at an age when they ought to be dressing their *dolls*. Instead of bounding with the unrestrained freedom of wood-nymphs over hill and dale, their cheeks flushed with health, and their hearts overflowing with happiness, these pretty little creatures are shut up all the morning, demurely practising a minuet, or transacting the more serious business of acquiring the *Highland fling*, with more cost and pains than it would take them to acquire twenty new ideas.—*Hannah More.*

#### Original Poetry.

##### ANTAR'S DREAM.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

As they each other sat beside,  
Looking to heaven, then on the tide  
Of ocean, which before them lay,  
Watching the beams that seemed to play  
With the soft breeze, and waves all bright,  
Flashing and curling,—blue and white,  
Antar, with one hand 'round Lila's neck,  
The other lock'd in her sweet one,  
Directed her eyesight to a speck—  
A cloud, on which the moonlight shone!  
And while they gaz'd upon it there,  
It slowly melted into air.  
And then he turned, as if amaz'd,  
And said, as he on his Lila gaz'd,—  
The cloud, that thou but now did'st see,  
Forbodes some dire distress to me!  
For oh! I dreamt that you and I  
Were lying 'neath as calm a sky  
As that which now above us glows,  
Tinted with colours sweet as rose;



Methought; that we that moment turn'd  
 Our eyes on heaven, where brightly burn'd  
 A meteor, with a train of fire,  
 That flash'd and trembled through the air:  
 Then came a cloud, like one in ire,  
 Whose brow of danger cries 'beware!'  
 Black as the midnight ocean, when  
 The moon and stars are veiled from men.  
 The meteor now the cloud had met,  
 And round it like a scorpion curl'd:  
 When 'gainst them both a high wind set,  
 And downward they to earth were hurl'd.  
 And then, methought that ev'ry star  
 Forsook the sphere where they were fixt;  
 And meeting, form'd a fiery car,  
 That roll'd the earth and sky betwixt.  
 And there were sitting side by side,  
 A bridegroom and his blushing bride,  
 And as through air the star-car hist,  
 They oft embraced—but oft'ner kist,  
 And seem'd as blest in either's eyes,  
 As our first parents ere they knew  
 The curse of sin and Satan too,  
 Secure in sainted Paradise!  
 While gliding on, all lightly they,  
 Thro' fields of ether, bent their way;  
 Like a young flower that blossoms when  
 The sun looks bright upon the world.  
 The wide sky opened—closed again,  
 And ev'ry star was, hissing, whirl'd  
 Back to the heaven where they first shone,  
 Just as my airy dream begun.  
 The bride and bridegroom downward fell,  
 When out I shriek'd in dreadful yell,  
 And woke in time—confused, amazed,  
 To hear the cry my echo rais'd!

WILFORD.

## IMITATION.

SWEET is the moment, richly sweet,  
 When lovers, after absence, meet;  
 And find within the pure embrace,  
 That time cannot their love efface.

To gain an hour so sweet as this,  
 E'en seperation perfects bliss;  
 They quite forget the parting pain,  
 So great the joy to meet again.

All their past troubles, all past cares,  
 While one relates, the other shares;  
 Then drown them in the present minute,  
 Which gives an age of rapture in it. L.

## THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

(FROM MELMOTH.)

He dreamt, that on a lofty precipice  
 He stood, whose brow frown'd o'er a vast abyss,  
 No eye could measure, far and wide beneath;  
 Its base was scorch'd by the tempestuous breath  
 Of fiery waves, which sunk and rose again,  
 Drenching the dreamer with the sulph'rous

rain  
 Of their red spray: livid and fierce they glow'd,  
 On ev'ry curl a tortured spirit rode,  
 And shriek'd and sunk and rose again to air,  
 But to be blasted by the light'ning there.  
 With agonising and immortal life,  
 Each groaning billow heaved in fearful strife;  
 The rude rock echoed back the madd'ning roar  
 Of the fierce wave, and cries that shoot the

shore;  
 Of souls that struck upon its granite side,  
 Then yelling sunk beneath the scalding tide;  
 Sudden, the wand'rer felt his carcass flung  
 Half down the steep, and there in terror clung:  
 He looked aloft, no light could he descry,  
 But all was darkness, horror, agony.

He saw an arm alone, he felt its grasp,  
 And his breath died beneath its iron clasp.  
 He shriek'd, and with the strength that terror  
 gave,  
 Felt round, and grasp'd at all he deemed might  
 save.

A group stood there, Moncada, Stanton, those  
 Whose days he gave in misery to close,  
 E'en his last, fondest victim, Isidore,  
 Turn'd coldly from him, and all hope was o'er.  
 His eye's bright glance (as slow they flitted by,)  
 Rolled t'wards the dial of eternity;  
 It pointed to the long protracted hour  
 When he must bow beneath a demon's power.  
 He fell, he sunk, he blazing rose, and heard  
 Float on the burning surge, the sick'ning word,  
 Echoed by myriad tongues in mock'ry roam!  
 Melmoth, th' accurs'd, the wanderer, has come.  
 The wide wave open'd to the hideous yell,  
 And closed his spirit in its proper hell.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

## SONG FROM THE GAELIC.

Tune—'MY POOR DOG TRAY.'

THOUGH December to others seems bleak and  
 severe,

'Tis the dearest to me of the circling year;  
 For it gave me a treasure, in giving a wife,  
 A lovelier flow'r than e'er spring brought to life.

Though December to others seems bleak and  
 severe,

'Tis the dearest to me of the circling year;  
 For it gave me two lips that outrival the rose,  
 And a bosom that's purer than new-driven  
 snows.

It gave me a breath sweet as vernal perfume;  
 It gave me two cheeks of the loveliest bloom;  
 It gave me two eyes that are brighter than dew;  
 And it gave me a heart that is faithful and true.

Then welcome, December, though hoary with  
 snow,

Thou art dearer to me than the summer's bright  
 glow;  
 And my Mary, the treasure thou gavest to me,  
 Shall be dear when grown hoary and ancient  
 like thee.

When her beauty and bloom shall have yielded  
 to age,

As the beauties of nature now yield to thy rage,  
 Then dear shall she be as the light to my eyes,  
 For her fond faithful heart is the jewel I prize!

AULD DOMINIE.

## Fine Arts.

## ANCIENT ARMOUR.

Which awakes  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years.  
 LORD BYRON.

OF all the branches of knowledge,  
 which have, at different times, em-  
 ployed the energies, and excited the  
 investigation of the human mind, there  
 is, perhaps, scarcely any so universally  
 useful as the study of antiquity, and  
 the inquiry into the manners and cus-  
 toms of past ages. The genius of au-  
 tiquarian research lends, successively,  
 his assistance to history and romance,

to literature, and the fine arts. It is,  
 in its connexion with the last subject  
 that we propose to consider, the present  
 exhibition, and, we will venture to say,  
 that the advantage which painting may  
 derive from the study of this valuable  
 collection, will not be inconsiderable.  
 The preservation of costume, in histo-  
 rical composition, is always desirable,  
 and although deficiency, in this respect,  
 may be pardoned, when its want is  
 counterbalanced by excellence in the  
 higher branches of art, still, we believe,  
 none of our readers will be inclined to  
 think that impropriety, as far as relates  
 to costume, is not to be avoided. This  
 assertion will not have less weight, if  
 we consider how many of the greatest  
 masters have fallen into the most glar-  
 ing and absurd incongruities from a  
 want of attention to this point. We are  
 disgusted when we see Rembrandt, the  
 great master of the chiaroscuro, in his  
 'Descent from the cross,' representing a  
 Jewish ruler under the similitude of a  
 fat Dutch burgomaster, almost as much  
 so as when we see in our old Bibles,  
 God the Father represented in a Qua-  
 ker's coat, with steel buckles, looking  
 out of the burning bush, and Moses  
 unlacing a pair of hob-nailed boots at  
 his command. We lament, when even  
 Il Divino Raffaello, in his celebrated  
 'Parnassus,' arms his Apollo like a  
 French dancing-master, with a modern  
 violin. As these instances plainly shew  
 into what absurdities the greatest artists  
 have fallen from neglect of appropriate  
 costume, we cannot but regard it as a  
 happy omen, when we see an exhibition  
 opened in the heart of our fashionable  
 metropolis, for the express purpose of  
 introducing to our attention, some of  
 the choicest specimens of military an-  
 tiquities. The different parts of the  
 collection are disposed in such a way  
 as to reflect the highest credit on the  
 taste and ingenuity of the exhibitor, as  
 well as to make a striking impression  
 on the mind of every visitor; indeed,  
 the arrangement is only to be exceeded  
 by the costliness and good choice dis-  
 played in the collection. We shall no-  
 tice a few of the most striking speci-  
 mens, as our limits will not allow us  
 to enter into a minute detail of every  
 part of the exhibition. A whole length  
 of Henri Quatre, which we believe an  
 authentic likeness of that distinguished  
 sovereign, forms a striking object in the  
 collection; and the armour, in point of  
 beauty and preservation, has never per-  
 haps been equalled, certainly never sur-  
 passed. The armour of a knight of the  
 Second Crusade, consisting of a suit of



chain armour of the most curious and unique nature, being in a state of preservation, when we consider the great antiquity which it has now attained; as if we transfer to other objects the title to excellence in the literary world, fixed by Dr. Johnson as tenable after the lapse of a century, the present valuable specimen of antiquity has already a sevenfold claim to our attention and admiration. When, to this consideration, we add the circumstance, that, after the invention of plate armour, and the subsequent disuse of the 'maile enchainée,' this species of defensive armour was rarely to be met with, unless in the choice, and showy collections which existed in the armories of the nobility, and that even there, the plain appearance of the rusty and unsightly chain-mail gave way to the more elegant and elaborate manufacture of Milan and of Malta, we shall rather incline to wonder that any reliques of so remote a period should have reached us, than that so few collections can boast of more than detached portions of this species, and those, generally, carelessly and imperfectly preserved. To offer any observations on the suit of Albert, the great champion of Bavaria, and upon numerous other specimens, as entire as they are detached, would extend this article to too great a length, but we cannot withhold our expression of satisfaction, at the manner in which the entire suits have been prepared for public exhibition, as well as at the execution of the striking countenances, and, comparatively speaking, natural attitudes of the figures invested with them. To conclude; we would wish to recommend to the antiquarian, to the artist, and to the curious in general, the present exhibition at the Gothic Hall, as one which unites, at once, instruction with amusement, in a way which cannot fail to attract the notice, and delight the taste of the enlightened public of the metropolis. After all, the contemplation of reliques like the present, recalls to our recollection the heroes on whose majestic forms these ponderous arms were once braced; they forcibly arrest our attention, and bring to our minds the words of the bard:—

'Where are our chiefs of old? Where are the kings?

Of mighty name? The fields of their battles are

Silent.—Scarce their mossy tombs remain.'

*Note upon Ossian's Croma.*

WILLIAM HENRY PARRY.

## The Drama.

As it is seldom deemed necessary to make any exertion during the Christmas Holidays beyond that of producing a new pantomime, our notice of the drama, this week, is necessarily very limited, and we must, therefore, refer our dramatic readers to the criticism on the performers in another part of our journal.

**DRURY LANE.**—The comedy of *The Wonder* was performed at this theatre on Saturday night, for the purpose of introducing a Miss Barry in the character of Violante. Her appearance is not very youthful, and her figure is rather too *embonpoint* for the character of Violante, but her face is expressive and her voice clear and powerful. In many of the scenes she blended energy and tenderness very happily. If she was deficient in any thing, it was in sprightly humour, which was, in some degree, compensated by her unaffected ease. Her reception was very favourable, and she repeated the character on Wednesday night with increased effect. Elliston was the Don Felix, which he played with great spirit and vivacity. His drunken scene, though somewhat overacted, was productive of much amusement. Harley was a pleasant bustling Lissardo; and the two waiting maids were admirably sustained by Miss Kelly and Mrs. Orger.

The new pantomime of *The Northwest Passage*, has received some judicious alterations, and may probably run the usual period of such productions.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—The public expectation has been considerably excited by the announcement of a new tragedy, from the pen of Mr. Barry, Cornwall, called *Mirandola*, which was to have been performed on Thursday night: its production is, however, postponed until Tuesday next. Green Room report, not always the most correct, speaks highly of the tragedy, and the talents of Mr. C. are such as to give the report considerable credence.

The new pantomime continues attractive.

## Literature and Science.

**Linnaeus.**—There has lately been discovered, accidentally, among the papers of a shopkeeper in Sweden, a biographical account of Linnaeus, written by himself, and since continued to

his death. The autograph MS., which is in the Swedish language, has been sent to Upsal, and will speedily be printed.

The Museum of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, among other curiosities, contains a bulrush, cut in Nepal, eighty-four feet long; a serpent with two heads; specimens of mosaic from Agra and Galconda; crystals from Nepal, and sculptures from Persepolis, Java, &c.

The promised edition of Mr. Sheridan's dramatic works is expected to appear in the course of this month; but Mr. T. Moore's life of that distinguished individual is likely to be long deferred.

Mr. Hulbert, author of the 'African Traveller,' &c. has in the press, 'Select Antiquities, Curiosities, Beauties, and Varieties of Nature and Art.'

**Dr. Cartwright's Pseudo-Motive Machine.**—The ingenious doctor's expectation, that he should live to see carriages of every description travelling the road without horses, has been, in some degree, realized. A letter in the *Star*, signed 'A Traveller,' states, that on the road between Tunbridge and Hastings he had met a cart loaded with coals, and travelling without horses, being impelled by an apparatus managed by two men,—the same, in short, as that invented by Dr. C. 'Its pace,' says the traveller, 'was uniform, and, as the men informed me, varied very little whether it was on level ground or going up hill, provided the carriage was not overloaded. On expressing my doubts how this could be, the men could not explain the reason. But much as I might have doubted its facility of ascending a hill, I should have doubted still more (had I not seen it) the rapidity and safety with which it went down.—On coming to a short steep hill, instead of locking the wheel, considering how heavily the carriage was loaded, the carriage was suffered to run down with unrestrained velocity, much faster than any prudent man would have ventured with a light gig. I saw clearly, however, there was no danger; for the whole machine, I observed, was guided with the greatest accuracy, and its speed, as the men informed me (and of which, on inspecting the mechanism, I had no doubt), could be regulated at pleasure, or even stopped, should occasion require it, in the middle of its career, in an instant.'

**North Polar Expedition.**—The natural curiosities brought from the arctic regions by Captain Parry have been



deposited in the British Museum, and are arranging for the inspection of the public. Several entire heads of the musk-ox, sea-horse, and sea-unicorn, with a horn projecting nearly five feet, have been sent to the Royal College of Surgeons. Several skins of the white bear, musk-ox, sea-horse, and dogs, have been sent to the Museum at Edinburgh.

The parliament grant of 5000l. to which Captain Parry was entitled by his discoveries, has been distributed as follows: Captain Parry, 1000l.; Lieut. Liddon, of the Griper, 500l.; Lieutenants Beechey and Hoppner, Captain Sabine, and the two masters, 200l. each; superior midshipmen, 55l. each; other midshipmen, 30l.; and the seamen, 20l. each.

Another expedition, for further discoveries in the Arctic circle, is finally determined on, and is to consist of two vessels, as before. The Hecla will be taken into dock immediately at Deptford to be examined and repaired: and the Fury bomb vessel substituted for the Griper. Captain Parry will have the command. The expedition is not expected to sail until some information has been received from Lieut. Franklin, who is now employed in the land expedition from Hudson's Bay to the Coppermine River.

### The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

*Anecdotes of the Queen.*—In 1819 I had the honour to see her Royal Highness at Pesaro; she lived retired, and seldom came into public; sometimes she went to Ancona, and there attended the Opera; she was always dressed in a plain white robe, that came close up to the chin, and sat so far back in her box, that she could seldom be seen by the audience. She shrunk from popular applause; and when, as is usual at Ancona, and indeed in most parts of Italy, the names of the benefactors to the Hospitals were to be announced from the stage, she retired; although, to my certain knowledge, her Royal Highness had, in two years, given to the Hospital of St. Peter more than £300, British money.

Two unfortunate British sailors, who had been wrecked on the coast, and were in bad health, were maintained at the expense of her Royal Highness, in a farm house, called 'Villa Via,' for two months. She visited them every day, and commonly directed how their medicines should be administered. These men were sent home after their recovery, whether by sea or land I do not know; but this I know, that it was at the expense of her

Royal Highness, who expressed, at the same time, to Lieutenant P——, of the Royal Navy, 'how happy she felt in serving Englishmen.'

When at Rome, her Royal Highness brought to Civita Vecchia an unhappy female, who had been abandoned by a British Officer, and reduced to beg at the convent gates for support; on the miserable bason of soup these places afford she had made shift to live 28 days, and she generally slept at night on the steps of the churches. She preferred this to that promiscuous prostitution, which commences in sorrow, and ends in despair—despair and miserable death.

I know all her history: on an evening promenade, accompanied by Madam B—— and others, this very wretched being solicited charity of her Royal Highness: she did so in English. The feelings of humanity were roused, and after a short inquiry, immediate relief was afforded, and the much calumniated Bergami, (although in splendid dress) supported her on his arm to a place of refuge, and assured her of future relief; her tale was found to be true, and 'that she was more sinned against than sinning.' Her Royal Highness clothed, fed, and protected her; and, finally, got her a passage on board the ship I belonged to for England.

Adverse winds compelled us to return, after 14 days absence at sea, when Lieut. — proposed to marry the late unhappy Louisa; they repaired to Rome, were married, and her Royal Highness presented the bride with £300. This lady and gentleman are now residing near London, happy, and blessed with a lovely boy.—*Monkhouse.*

### CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR THE LADIES.

**THE QUEEN'S GRAND PROCESSION** to ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, on Wednesday, Nov. 29th, to return thanks for her deliverance from the conspiracy against her honour and her life. An Engraving, from a Drawing by Mr. I. R. Cruikshank, is just published, representing the Procession from Temple Bar to St. Paul's. The prints may be cut into five sections, which, being pasted to the end of each other, will give the above continued line of the Procession on a scale of eight feet in length. Price, coloured, 5s.

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ULTIMA LAUS EST.

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N. B. The Three first Editions sold in Liverpool in less than a fortnight!!!

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'Clerical Dancing' has brought us a large accession of Correspondents, whose communications would fill our Journal for several weeks. We insert one letter in the present number, with which we would gladly close the subject, thinking it has been sufficiently discussed. We confess we are no advocates for a capering priesthood; but dancing, we suspect, is one of the most innocent indiscretions of too many of the clerical profession.

J. W. D. shall have insertion.

T. O. U. is quite O. U. T. in his conjectures.

The last communications of J. R. P. and L. are under consideration.

Errata in our last: In the first review, pp. 833-4, for 'Brahm' read 'Brachm'; p. 842, col. 2, l. 31, for 'steal' read 'steals.'

Last year's Volume, price 11. 7. 6d. in boards, is now ready for delivery.

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